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W M Pozer 30 Aug 31 1907

God's Safety Mark.

The hand of the Lord was upon him, Ezekiel tells us, and he saw in vision the form of four monstrous creatures, each with four wings, and the faces of a man, an eagle, an ox, and a lion. Forward they moved, while above them there appeared a wide firmament; and above the firmament a sapphire throne, and on this the glory of the Almighty.

Overpowered with the sight, Ezekiel hears the Voice of God, and receives from Him his commission to the rebellious people of his race. A prophecy of the approaching judgments on Judah follows. 'Jerusalem is to be besieged and fall, and the wrath of outraged Truth and Justice is to strike the humble as well as the rich, because the leprosy of sin has devastated the people without respect of persons. The prophet is compelled to gaze upon the utter corruption of the inhabitants of the Holy City—abominations of every kind practised both in the Sanctuary and in the street.

Then a loud Voice is heard crying in his ears, 'Cause them that have charge over the city to draw near, every man with his destroying weapon in his hand.' Then, in response to the command, came six men by the way of the higher gate, every man with a slaughter weapon in his hand; and one man among them was clothed with linen, with an ink-horn by his side. And the Lord said unto him, 'Go through the midst of all the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the high foreheads of the men that sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof.'

And to the others He said, 'Go ye after him, and smite, but come not near any man upon whom is the mark, and begin at my Sanctuary.' So the courts were filled with slain, and the man with the ink-horn reported, 'I have done as Thou hast commanded.'

SET A MARK UPON THE FOREHEAD.

Very swift and terrible were God's judgments upon the backslidings of His ancient people. Nevertheless in the midst of judgment He remembered mercy. There were those compelled to live in the midst of corruption and vice who had no share in the idolatries which called for such signal vengeance.

Whilst the ancients—those who should have been leaders of the people—offered incense to idols, there were those who remained true to God, worshipping with their faces towards His Temple, and taking no part in the backsliding of those around them.

Yet it was not solely for their fidelity to what they knew to be true and acceptable worship that God had ordained their preservation amid the terrible ruin which was about to overtake the race. It was because they 'sighed and cried for the abominations' that went on both in Sanctuary and in City. They shared His grief over sins committed against Purity and Truth, and proved the reality of their sighs by lifting up their voices against the iniquity which abounded on every side.

How many of God's Israel can say "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up?' How many times a day do we 'cry' to God for the salvation of those upon whom the mark of preservation has never been imprinted? What efforts are we putting forth to snatch from death those still caught in the whirlpool of sin? Does our zeal compare with the zeal of those who, at God's bidding, smote sin wherever they found it—in Sanctuary or in street—sparing neither old nor young, rich nor poor?

The vision which Ezekiel saw, and which he preserved for those who should come after him, is as full of solemn meaning now as it was for God's ancient people.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Uncle Joshua.

In the days before the slaves were liberated there lived on a large Virginian plantation an earnest Christian man commonly known as Uncle Joshua. The plantation, to the old man's grief, was given over to worldliness, card playing, wine revels, and other shortcomings, and the young master was an enthusiastic leader in the riotous ways of living. But with the early morning old Uncle Joshua was found on his knees praying for every one in general and his young master in particular. Like many another, he was tolerated by those who knew he set them a good example, and when he said, 'Git down on yo' knees an' pray an' I'll pray for yo',' he got no kicks, but was merely told that he was a good-natured soul. However, the day came when the young master's wife died and there was no one to look after his children. The young master knew there was a right way to train them and a wrong way. Though he had often smiled at Uncle Joshua's religion, he had no hesitation in asking the old negro to talk to the children and have prayers with them. So the old man came to be installed as a sort of religious instructor, and by degrees the children learned to love him, and through him, in their surroundings of sin and iniquity, they learned to love the Saviour; and when in their turn they sat with their own children around them, the old negro's influence, though he himself had passed away, still lived in the new generation.

And now, many years after old Uncle Joshua's death, a mother was surrounded by her children, and her life was ebbing away. Hers had been a most faithful, cheerful Christian life, and the children were thinking of the calm but triumphant faith with which she had awaited her release from suffering, of the many who would rise up and call her blessed, of the joy in the Lord which had so filled her that they too felt their souls thrill, and could think now only of her happiness, not of the desola-

tion to be theirs later. For some hours she had been unable to speak; only an occasional hand-pressure or smile denoted consciousness. But suddenly she looked upward with a glorious light upon her face. One of the children said, 'Oh, look! Surely she sees the Saviour.' Another whispered, 'Or father, or the children.' The lips moved, the voice returned, 'Is —that— Uncle—Joshua?' Then, with the sweetest joy on her face, 'Yes! it —is—Uncle Jo——!' The last word had been spoken, and first among the heavenly throng awaiting her was the humble old servant who had guided her childish feet into the narrow way that had led her at last within the gates of glory.—'Sunday Magazine.'

'A Little Child Shall Lead.'

During a revival a man who had been very worldly-minded was awakened, but for some time concealed his feelings even from his wife, who was a praying woman. She left him one evening in charge of his little girl of five years of age. After her departure his anxiety of mind became so great that he walked the room in his agony.

The little girl noticed his agitation, and inquired:

'What ails you, pa?'

He replied, 'Nothing,' and endeavored to quiet his feelings, but all in vain.

The child looked up sympathizingly in his face, and, noticing how flushed and feverish it looked, she said:

'If you are dry, pa, why don't you get a drink of water?'

The question was uttered in all simplicity, doubtless prompted by the child's memory of her own suffering, and the refreshing drinks of water. But to the father it had a different meaning.

The sermon which had stirred his heart and caused him so much anxiety was on the text, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' The child's question blended with his thoughts. He was thirsty for that living water; why did he not drink when it was offered freely?

He went into his room and threw himself on his knees and asked God for the promised water. He rose a new man, and from that night he dates the beginning of a new life.—'Christian Herald.'

A Word Fitly Spoken.

(The Rev. J. D. Kilburn, in the 'American Messenger.')

Miss G—— came to spend a day or two with us as she passed through Germany. Her knowledge of German was very imperfect, but she felt herself to be a disciple of Christ, and she resolved, in spite of her imperfect German, to speak for him to the maid who prepared her room. She did this. That maid was led to Christ through that one conversation. She is now a bright, happy, earnest Christian, and an earnest worker in Christ's vineyard. Her life has been altered by that conversation. How many more lives she may be used to alter, how many more souls to win, eternity alone can show.

How many might be won for Christ and his service as that maid was if we only spoke kindly and faithfully to them. Will you thus speak to all you wisely can?

Give Up, or Receive: Which?

N. R——, a single, middle-aged laborer, was dying in the garret of one of those houses which abound in large cities. The woman to whom the wretched tenement belonged, objected to my going up. She said, 'he wouldn't see the clargy,' and that he even refused to see a lady who had known him for a long time. He would not, therefore, be likely to see a stranger.

Still I insisted; so she went up to ask him, and presently called from the top of the rickety stairs, saying I might come up. Up I went—up to the very top of the shaky pile, to a tiny, draughty attic, grimly bare in its squalid misery. On a little bedstead lay N. R——, dying of an incurable and painful malady; beside him, a small table on which lay a half-smoked pipe, and a broken pitcher partly filled with spirits and water.

Between his groans, he informed me that he knew what I had come for, and, on asking him, said, 'You've come to say, Give up your drink, and you're all right for time and eternity.'

'You are quite wrong,' said I.

'Well, then,' said he, 'it's—Out with your pipe, and open goes heaven's gate for you.'

'You are wrong again,' said I.

'Oh, well, you folks have never got but three things to tell a chap; if it ain't they two, why, it's the other.'

'Well, what is that?' said I.

'Why,' replied he, half lifting himself on the bed, and raising his voice, 'it's—Will you give your heart to God?'

'Wrong again,' said I; 'it is, Do you know that God gave His Son for you?'

A silence followed. Then I endeavored to put before him his exceeding need, to rouse him to a sense of it. How God has pronounced 'all the world guilty before Him,' there is none righteous—no, not one;' that 'all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,' Rom. iii., 10-23. Then I spoke to him of God's exceeding grace in providing for our deep need by sending His own Son into the world to die for us; that any one, no matter what they may have been, who believes on the Son of God, should not perish, but have eternal life. Therefore, it was not a question of our giving up, but of God's giving up. He gave up His Son to die that the sinner who believes should receive eternal life.'

Nearly an hour passed; then he said, 'Now go, and come again to-morrow.'

Next day, we had another hour together. As we parted, he said, 'I don't say I haven't been an awful sinner, for I have; but if there's to be a Saviour for such as I, it must be such a one as you've told about, for ne'er another'd do.'

'He waits to be yours at this moment, N—,' said I.

'God bless you! leave me now,' said he.

Next day I was sent for early, as he was going to be took,' as the messenger said.

It was a drear November morning, causing all the cheerless surroundings to be more cheerless still in its chilly light. But it seemed as though a ray from the glory-land fell through the broken, rag-stopped window-pane, and lit with joy ineffable the countenance of the dying man.

He was past speaking, just for a moment, till he should break forth in praise above; but he pointed upward with his thin, white hand, and tried to say the name of Him who sought and found him—smiled, such a smile!—the smile of a saved sinner whose eye rested on the Saviour's face—and then passed into His presence, to be 'forever with the Lord.'—Episcopal Recorder.'

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

DELIGHTFUL NUMBER OF THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

The cover-picture of the 'Canadian Pictorial' for March is a happy Canadian girl with her toboggan, a picture that breathes the crisp air of winter. The winter idea predominates throughout the number. There is winter in England—a slushy London street scene; winter in Holland—a bracing skating scene on a Dutch canal; winter in Scotland—the trying task of the shepherd; winter in a Canadian hunting camp; and then there is a page of pictures showing the interesting process of harvesting the ice of the St. Lawrence. A page is given to the Davis-Swettenham incident, the sequel to the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, which threatened to become an international question, and the wreck of the 'Berlin' has made terribly timely a vivid picture of the capsizing of a lifeboat. Wild animals under the auctioneer's hammer will please young as well as old, and even in warmer climates they will be interested in a large group of snowshoers in the picturesque costume. The central feature of the issue is a double page production of Munkacsy's famous painting, 'Christ before Pilate,' which is specially effective as Eastertide approaches. A Canadian artist's painting of the British Premier and a Canadian sculptor's bust of a Canadian novelist are given. The statesman figuring in the series of Canadian public men is this month the leader of the Opposition, Mr. R. L. Borden, and in the women's department there is a portrait and sketch of Mrs. Borden. 'Canadian girls in athletics,' 'Models in lingerie,' 'Arts and crafts,' and the usual patterns are also features of this department. The news and humorous pages are fully up to the high standard set by the initial number of the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

The Pictorial Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter stret, Montreal. Ten cents a copy.

Never Alone.

Love and Laughter.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But, one by one, we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, 'twill help you live,
But no one can help you die.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go—
They want full measure for all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weeping, you weep not alone,
For the dear Christ-heart for every earth-smart
Doth a thousand times atone.

Sing, and the hills will answer,
Your sighing is not lost in air;
For its echoes repeat to our Lord's pierced feet—
Claiming His promised care.

Be glad, and your friends are many,
If sad, you lose them not all;
For He sticketh closer than brother doth,
He drinketh with you life's gall.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But there's One we each may lean on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They will take full measure of all your pleasure,
But He shares with you all your woe.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, only Christ stands by,
Succeed and give! It will help you live,
And the Christ will help you die.

Michigan 'Advocate.'

Good Prayermen Wanted.

England needs not only good warmen and good workmen, but also good prayermen. Those wen the words of King Alfred, of blessed memory. They fit the England of to-day and no less the United States of the twentieth century.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

In such style the night wore on until some time after midnight, when the thought of his sweet wife, Ada, sitting up for him alone, passed across his beer-befuddled brain. Drunk as he was, the still small voice of conscience was not altogether dead within him, and there can be no doubt that he really loved his wife. With the serious air of beery insanity he rose from among his 'friends,' staggered out into the night, and reeled homeward. Once or twice he fell, but managed to regain his feet, till at last, swerving as he trod a raised pathway, he fell headlong into the ditch by its side, and was content to rest there awhile in sweet repose, until he had pulled himself together a bit for another effort, taking in the situation as far as he was able, and cogitating in serious imbecility as to the next best thing to do.

Presently he again essayed his homeward journey. Crawling out of the ditch, he managed once more to find his feet, and finally succeeded in reaching home. As he fumbled for the latch the door was speedily opened, and, staggering in, he propped himself against the papered wall in the presence of his wife, wet, dirty, hatless, a semi-idiotic stare in the eyes that bleared from under his mud-filled hair, the only unclean thing in a place which all who saw it said was 'quite a picture of home delight.'

Was there any wonder that she was frightened of him? She started back at the unwelcome sight, putting her hands up as if to ward off some impending evil, and saying, hardly knowing what she said, 'Keep off.'

Then that cunning, cheerful, tricksy devil, alcohol, saw a grand opportunity for a little 'fun' (God save the mark!). Inspired by the grand idea, Tom would clasp her in his arms, and have a kiss of her. He smiled archly, bewitchingly, winsome—so he thought; in truth it was the most repulsive ghastly leer.

Unsteadily he approached her, and the hand put forth to stop him overbalanced him, and he fell, only to spring up, in the sudden madness of alcoholic frenzy, and strike her, unmanned human as he was, on the face. She bounded, almost beside herself, to the open door, and out into the darkness, wandering the night through, and moaning to the moaning wind the overpowering agony of her soul, not daring to return to what was never more to be her happy home, lest a worse thing might befall her.

When the daylight broadened into day, she ventured timidly back again, and peered in through the still open door. There was a muddy imprint on the papered wall, and another where he had fallen on the clean-washed floor. He himself was gone. For hours the unhappy woman sat silent and tearless, the children playing undisturbed upstairs in bed, until at last kind-hearted Farmer Wilkinson came himself to tell her that Tom was asleep in the barn, and that he was 'alright, only a bit dozy. He took a drop too much, you know.' Aye it was a drop too much, a drop from manhood to a lower level than the beasts.'

Ada Smart stood up before him, with a hard expression in her red tearless eyes.

'All right!, John Wilkinson,' said she with unutterable scorn. 'It's all wrong! You and your harvest supper. You've ruined my man, body and soul.'

This is not fiction, it is sober fact.

The stricken woman's grief found relief in tears at this, and Farmer Wilkinson thought it better to retire.

The farmer's thoughts, were, however, badly at fault, for from that day Tom Smart went down, down, down, till he reached the state in which we find him; and was referred to by one and all, half-pityingly, half-sneeringly, as from a conscious sense of superiority, as 'Tommy Smart,' no longer honest Yorkshire Tom.

Pluckily his wife stood by him, in spite of the hateful sympathies of gossiping neighbors, and strove to make a man of him again. But it was of no avail. It seemed as though he either would not, or could not, make an effort to check himself. Constantly they moved, and constantly did she try to nerve him to find a fresh place, and make another stand. It was but useless. His appetite for drink became a passion—the over-ruling passion of his life—and she, unequal to the single-handed war with circumstance and her husband's evil spirit, lost heart at length, and sank, first to the level of a drunkard's wife, and then into the not unwelcome grave, leaving four poor starving bairnies to face the stern, hard world alone. I say alone advisedly, for the father as a guardian and defender was worse than none.

Such is the 'over true' story of Tommy Smart up to the time when his high enjoyment of the banquet on the Netherborough Green culminated in a free fight, and left him the happy possessor of scars and bruises innumerable, and a broken head.

CHAPTER XIII.

'And not to Norwood Hayes.' The words which had fallen from the lips of Aaron Brigham when he and Walter Bardsley had parted for the night had an unpleasant effect on the mind of the young man. He was half inclined to fling a sharp sentence after the old patriarch, who had turned off in the direction of his own cottage as soon as the words were spoken.

'He has no right to talk about Mr. Hayes in that fashion,' said Walter. 'There are few men who merit such a slur of suspicion and distrust less than he. There isn't a man in Netherborough less likely to do me or anybody else any harm. He's too good for that; his principles and character are on far too high a plane. He is so strong and manly, so calmly capable and self-contained, and so royal in his self-control, that he may well form an example for all the young fellows in the town to follow; and to warn them of him is to do them damage, and him rank injustice into the bargain. No, no, Aaron Brigham; you are allowing prejudice to run away with your better judgment and your sense of fairplay.'

Then he fell into silent cogitation. His thoughts reverted to the scene he had just left. Parson Dunwell helping himself to a second tumbler of whiskey; Mr. Norwood Hayes leisurely sipping a glass of sherry as if he were patronizing it—doing it, indeed, to oblige the sherry—so small was its influence over him, and half-a-dozen others following a similar course. He thought, too, of the gap in the social circle, and of poor Reuben Stanford, drink-slain, lying in his long, long sleep under the churchyard elms, and of his own sweet sister battling with her heart-break in the home on which the darkness as of death had fallen. Then, in spite of himself, he felt his hair creep and his blood curdle as he remembered how the pastor had coolly turned from talking of the murdered man who had been huddled away into a premature and dishonored grave, to gossip about the Railway King, and to drink the liquor that had killed their common friend!

Walter Bardsley sighed deeper. He could not make things fit.

'Mr. Hayes isn't an abstainer,' he said, heaving another sigh, 'I wish he was. But, there, I don't know. He doesn't need it for his own safety; and, as he says, an example of splendid self-control must have an educational influence on other people. He thought of Mrs. Hayes and her secret weakness for 'strong waters,' and wondered whether her husband's absolute abstinence from the entire range of devil-drugs would not help his weak-willed partner in life to regain the womanhood that was fast going from her, and free her from the habit which would surely be her death and ruin at no distant date. Walter thought that the strong man ought to try it, at any rate. By this he had reached home, and as he put his hand upon the door latch, he signed again, and said, 'Yes, I wish he was an abstainer. My word! What a power for good that man could be!'

As was usual with him in those days, Walter softly opened the door of his sister's room as he passed upward to his own. His love for her was very great, and his anxiety intensely deep. She was awake; had not yet, indeed, retired to rest.

'Well, Jennie, my dear,' said Walter cheerily, 'you are looking just a wee bit better, I think. I do hope and believe that you will get out to see the golden corn, before the harvest lays it low.'

'You speak as you hope, Walter dear, and not as you feel,' replied Jennie, on whom a settled melancholy seemed to be fast falling. 'I don't feel it; and I scarce know that I hope it. My life hasn't much of promise in it now. My harvest is reaped; and the corn——O Walter, Walter, what is to become of me?'

'Promise! Harvest!' replied Walter, tenderly, yet with unusual seriousness: 'Jennie, darling, what do you mean? You must not speak as one of the foolish women. I have been thinking very much about you lately, and I'm going to talk to you in all the faithfulness of true and tender love. You are on the down track, dear sister, in more senses than one, and you must not only put on the brake, but you must ask for the motive power that can draw you onward and upward, further and higher than you ever reached before.'

Jennie slowly shook her head, and sighed as only they can sigh who think they have buried their heart where the graves are.

'Nay, nay, Jennie,' said Walter, shaking his head, and sighing in gentle banter and kindly persistency. 'You are a Christian, and an enlightened one, and life by you, and such as you, is not to be held too cheaply. What promise did you refer to? Enjoyment? Pleasure? Quiet happiness? The best and noblest and most serviceable life in the world, Jennie, was His of whom it was said, "He pleased not Himself." I think there is promise in your life of higher, better, nobler, and more abounding service than you could ever have reached had you become Reuben Stanford's wife; aye, let me say it, Jennie, even because of the dreadful stroke that has made that impossible.

'Dear sister, you have suffered a deadly blow at the hands of a fell-destroyer. What about reprisals? It is for you to aim a deadly blow at him; or, at any rate, to rescue those you can reach from risking such heartaches as those that torture you in these dark days. That large class of girls of yours; this drink cursed town of ours; the growing lads and lasses in their teens; King Alfred rampant everywhere, and the children and young folks left unwarned, undefenced, undisciplined, to become the sport, the victims, and then the tools of the cruelest tyrant that ever ground the oppressed beneath his heel.'

Here he paused. There was a few moments' silence, then Walter rose, kissed his sister tenderly, saying, as he bade her good-night, 'Jennie, dear sister, young Netherborough needs a heroine, and the call has come to you. What will you do with it?'

Jennie Bardsley sat far into the night, thinking, thinking, thinking. Yes, she thought, the curse of Netherborough had indeed dealt her a deadly blow. Her Reuben was a splendid specimen of a man in physique, in intellect, in usefulness, in all that makes a man. And Reu-

ben Stanford was hers, her own, her treasure, and all the town said,

'The knight is worthy, and the maiden sweet.

Strong drink, and nothing else or other, had stolen him from her, robbed her of the first full-measured store of love he gave to her, robbed her of himself, and in so doing had plucked the sun from her sky, the summer from her year. Strong drink had brought her a soul-sickness amounting to an agony, prompting for ever the one pathetic moan of hopeless pain, 'Let me die!'

(To be Continued.)

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns.')

(Continued.)

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labors, and, as I could discover by his voice and gestures, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which, my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, surveying this depth, and thinking of attempting a descent, I heard a noise quite near, and immediately two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards, and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in fright and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding. I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of clever parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night. The cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with these people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was my schoolmistress, who taught me the language. When I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. I called her my Glumdalclitch, or little nurse.

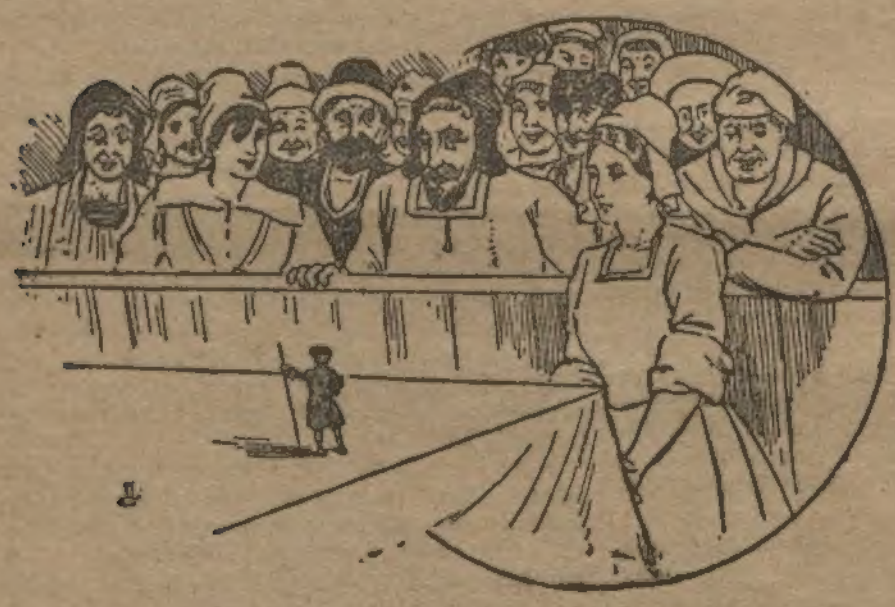
It now began to be known and talked of in the neighborhood that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the size of a 'splacknuck,' but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. He advised my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half-an-hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day, to the neighboring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was closed on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Albans. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the innkeeper and making some necessary preparations, he hired the 'grultrud,' or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a 'splacknuck' (an animal in that country, very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded. I was that day shown to twelve sets of people, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise, it came with so much violence that it would have surely knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin; but I had the satisfaction to see

but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awoke and found myself alone in a vast room, between



two and three hundred feet twide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. While I was

the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks on our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, beside many villages and private families.

(To be Continued.)

The Help That Did Not Come.

(Mrs. E. B. Woods, in the 'Missionary Herald.')

There was once a missionary who was going home. From his lonely station he travelled down to the coast, to meet the ship that would take him back to England. But when he reached the little port he found that the ship had not yet arrived, and that he would have to wait there for two or three days.

What should he do with the time? He soon decided, for he heard that not many miles off down the coast a heathen tribe had settled, a tribe which had never heard the Gospel preached. 'It may be,' he said, 'that I can do some good there'; and he set off at once to find them.

When he reached the natives he told them that he had come to do them good, and then the chief came out to see him. And the missionary told the old man that wonderful story which he had never yet heard. The savage chief listened.

'You must tell us more,' he said. 'How long can you stay and teach us?'

'Alas!' said the missionary, 'I cannot stay now. To-morrow I must go away.'

'Then we shall have no one to help us. How shall we learn?'

'Though I cannot stay now,' said the missionary, 'I may come again. But if I cannot come again I will send someone else. This is my promise.'

So in the morning he returned to the port to meet his ship, and the old chief, who saw that he was a good man, believed his promise. 'He will come back,' he said, 'or he will send another teacher.'

But days and weeks passed, and months and years, and still no new teacher came. Other white men came—traders and travellers—but no one who had that wonderful Story to tell.

At last the chief became ill, and could not leave his hut; but every day he sent a lad down to the beach to see if a strange ship had come. And at length, when he saw that the end was near, he told his men to carry him down to the sea.

'If the ship comes,' he said, 'I must be near. I want that Story once more.'

So all the afternoon he lay, looking out over the sea. The Story had touched his heart, and his soul was hungry for it.

But the afternoon passed swiftly into evening, and still no white sails came towards the shore with the lost teacher. And when the evening came the old chief sighed, and closed his eyes wearily for the last time. Then they carried him back.

'He is dead,' they said, 'and the white man did not keep his promise.'

They could not know, but the missionary had done his best to keep his word. Unable to return himself, he had tried to get others sent, but whole nations were waiting for the Story. And they could send only a few men out.

And so the old chief died after waiting in vain; and still the dark lands wait in vain, until the people of Christian countries shall awaken to the whole world's need of the Truth. Perhaps that will be when the boys and girls of England grow into manhood and womanhood, and say:

'We must all help to send the Story. We must "preach the Gospel unto every creature," as Jesus said.'

Are You Worth It?

From many an every-day illustration can we learn a lesson. Louis Albert Banks uses the following with good effect:

'A farmer boy named Steve went away from home to the city, and in the course of years became a very successful railway man. One warm summer day he found himself at home on a little vacation. He was seated under the old apple tree, with the half of a red-hearted watermelon in his lap. His father, busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Steve about his new job, and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman, or what?

'"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Steve.

'"That's a big name, Steve."

'"Yes, father, it's rather a big job, too, for me."

'"But you don't do it all, Steve. You must have hands to help you load and unload?"

'"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help."

'"And the company pays them all?"

'"Yes."

'"How much do they pay you, Steve—two dollars a day?"

'Steve almost strangled on a piece of core, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.

'"Three?" he ventured.

'"More than that, father."

'"You don't mean to say they pay you as much as five?"

'"Yes, father."

'The old man let his watermelon fall between his knees, stared at his boy, and whistled. Then a serious look came in the old man's face, and leaning forward he asked earnestly, "Say, Steve, are you worth it?"'

Every man ought to ask himself the serious question concerning every success that comes to him in life, whether he is giving value received to the world in service for the success it confers upon him.—'Parish Visitor.'

Self-degradation.

Nothing hurts a man more than to seem small and ignoble in his own eyes. It is a slavish feeling that degrades the slaved. A base ambition makes the man that cherishes it base. No one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, and injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failing the target of their wit or cruelty. Never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left you are, in point of fact, unharmed. Nothing outside yourself can ever make you smaller than you are to-day. If you shall dwindle; if leanness and inability shall come to any faculty; if you shall lose what makes you an ornament to that rank and order of intelligence to which you were born—the loss will be a self-inflicted one. Self-degradation is the only degradation man can know.—'Christian Globe.'

My Prayer.

If any little word of mine
  May make a life the brighter;
If any little song of mine
  May make a heart the lighter;
God help me speak the little word,
  And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
  To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
  May make a life the sweeter;
If any little cares of mine
  May make a friend's the fleeter;
If any life of mine may ease
  The burden of another,
God grant me love and care and strength,
  To help my toiling brother.

—Waif.

A Revelation From God.

In a conversation with Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, the Rev. George W. Hervey asked him this question:

'Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments yonder in your rooms in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?'

'Oh, yes; more than once.'

'And at such times, what did you do next?'

'I may answer you in confidence, sir,' said the professor, 'but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light.'

'And the light generally came?'

'Yes. And may I tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe on account of the invention which bears my name, I never felt I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to the other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me.'

In view of these facts, it is not surprising that the inventor's first message was, 'What hath God wrought!'—'Christian Union-Herald.'

A Pretty Good Crop

Good Seed—One "Canadian Pictorial" sold into a house in Ottawa.

New Soil—First copy ever seen by that family.

Quick Harvest—In ten days a wide-awake son of the house, only fourteen, writes posthaste for a packet, gets his orders in advance, secures a watch, a pen, and a fine basis for future sales. There's business for you!

The following letter tells the whole story:—

Ottawa, Feb. 13, 1907.

I received a dozen copies to-day. Enclosed find $4.20 for 3½ dozen. Please send on by return mail also the premiums you offer, viz., a watch and pen. I just saw for the first time ten days ago, a copy of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which my father bought from a little boy. Since then I have sold the number now ordered. They sell like hot cakes.

NORMAN DAVIDSON.

Who will follow a lead like this?

This was in a city, too, where people can buy all sorts of things at all sorts of prices, but they recognized at once the merits of what the young salesman had to offer.

We single out a case like this for emphasis, but as we have said before, 'It's a chorus.' Will you join it? Send at once for a dozen 'Pictorials' to start with, and earn a knife, a fountain pen or a watch and chain, or work on cash commission if you prefer it.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Henry's Dinner.

Ponto was a dog with a history—a sad one it would seem from the look in his honest dark eyes, but though he sometimes tried very hard to tell us about it, we never could understand what he meant.

The fact is that Ponto was a foundling; where his home had been we never could discover, but he followed Henry, the page, one day as he came from the post, and then, somehow, Ponto became one of the family. We never were sure about his name either, though we tried every name we could think of; but when some one said 'Ponto,' he jumped up and barked, so we settled to call him by that name, and though at first a little puzzled, he soon learnt to come when he was called. He was gracious to all of us, but Henry, the page, his first and best friend, was the person to whom he was most attached.

'PONTO DROVE MUFF BACK.'

I am afraid that, sometimes, when Henry should have been cleaning knives and blacking boots, he was racing round the yard with Ponto; but they were young, and a little thoughtlessness may sometimes be forgiven to youth, for generally Henry worked well and industriously. When the boy chopped wood for the fires, Ponto learnt to carry the sticks and put them in the big wood-basket, and altogether he was a useful dog. He drove away the tramps, but sometimes tried to frighten cook at the back door, and no stranger could come near the house without hearing his shrill bark.

There was, however, one person who looked on Ponto as an enemy and interloper, and that was Muff, our cat. Muff lived in the kitchen, but Ponto only went there at meal-times, and then walked in gravely at Henry's heels.

At first Muff objected greatly to his presence, but Ponto behaved so well that even Muff began to tolerate him. Muff, however, was a little sly and very greedy, so that Ponto, with his open, honest ways, did not much approve of her. One day, Henry had been sent out on a message, and came in late to dinner. Every one else had finished, and the kitchen was empty as Henry sat down to his meal.

Muff had been unlucky in her mouse-catching that morning, and was not satisfied with the saucer of milk Cook had given her. She wanted something more, and was on the look-out for it. Just then the parlor bell rang, and Henry was obliged to get up and answer it, leaving his unfinished dinner on the table. In a moment Muff thought she saw her way to a more substantial dinner than Cook's short allowance of milk, so jumping noiselessly on to the table, she began to creep towards Henry's plate; just as she had made up her mind which looked the nicest piece, and began to stretch out her nose towards it, Ponto sprang up at the table, and showing all his teeth, drove her back with loud, indignant barks.

In this position Henry found them on his return, and, when he had finished his dinner, you may be sure that Ponto's was not forgotten. As for Muff, she was obliged to return to her mouse-hole in disgrace, but was forgiven when, after some patient watching, she appeared carrying a fine mouse that had long been a torment to Cook.

Ponto and Henry have been greater friends than ever since this happened—and no wonder.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

As Bennie Went to School.

(Ellen D. Masters, in the 'Child's Hour.')

It was the first day of school, and you know it always seems a little harder to get off in time on the first morning. Bennie rose earlier than usual. He wasn't right sure whether his geography was on the shelf in the closet or down in the library. And there were his mittens to hunt.

What a surprise it was to find his books all strapped up, in the hall, and his mittens laid beside them! How kind it was of Kathleen!

Bennie was sure there was no other boy in town who had such a good sister.

'Needn't expect it every morning,' laughed Kathleen, as she noticed the pleased, surprised look on Bennie's face. 'I thought I would help you along this morning. I want you to get an early start so that you may have time to go around by Miss Wilmerding's and carry a note for me.'

The pleased look vanished from Bennie's face. If it had been anywhere else than to that millinery store! Miss Wilmerding looked at little boys sharply over her glasses; and, besides, there was a little dog that always sat on the steps and barked—not at women and little girls—at boys. But Kathleen had been so kind that there was nothing for Bennie to do but brave the fierce look and bark.

Bennie paused in front of a small brick house to tie his shoe. He heard some one behind the closed door exclaim: 'Oh, there is Bennie!' And Mrs. Peters, who lived in the little brick house, came running out to the gate. 'I'm real sorry to bother you when you're going to school,' she said to Bennie, 'but you have an early start. You won't mind letting my little Teddie go with you as far as Wilson & Brown's? And will you go in with him and ask for a spool of crochet silk—yellow? Teddie doesn't speak very plainly. And would you mind coming back with him to the corner and putting him on our street?'

'Oh, no'm, not at all,' said Bennie as he took little Teddie by the hand. Indeed, Bennie did not mind having an excuse to go into Wilson & Brown's.

Bennie had just started his small charge on the home run from the corner when he met old Mrs. Nolly in her Sunday bonnet and shawl. She knew Bennie. He had carried hundreds and hundreds of yards of carpet rags to her house when she was weaving a rag carpet for his mother. 'Going to school?' she smiled. 'Well, I'm going off on a little trip out to Ashboro Row. Thought I'd ride on the car out there and spend the day. One of my first cousins has moved out there, and I never did ride on the car. Are you right sure they'll stop if I wave? And will they give me time to get on? I'm awfully crippled up with my rheumatism these mornings. I'd feel a heap better,' she said to Bennie, 'if you'd stay here with me till the car comes. It wouldn't make you too late, would it?'

'No'm,' answered Bennie, just a little reluctantly. 'I can stay.'

It was some minutes before the car came along; but Bennie did not mind the waiting when Mrs. Nolly gave him such a grateful look as she dropped, all safe and sound, into a seat in the crowded car. She thrust a great, striped apple into Bennie's hand just as the car was moving off.

'Now for Miss Wilmerding's' said Bennie as he put the apple into his pocket and trotted down the street. It was getting along towards school time.

Bennie was just turning into the wide street that led to Miss Wilmerding's millinery rooms when he encountered a small Irish boy, sobbing desperately over a capsized wheelbarrow and a peck of small onions that lay in the gutter.

'What are you crying for?' asked Bennie. 'They're not hurt. All you've got to do is to pick them up.'

The little fellow looked up at Bennie with tear-filled eyes. 'Would you be helpin' me?' he lisped.

'No,' said Bennie; 'I'm going to school.'

Mrs. Nolly's apple made Bennie's pocket bulge out dreadfully, so he took it out and gave it to the boy. Then he made a bee line for Miss Wilmerding's.

The little dog was asleep on the steps. He opened his eyes and gave an indifferent little 'yep' as Bennie came up. And Miss Wilmerding did not look sternly over her glasses. Instead, she looked straight through them, almost gratefully, at Bennie. 'Would you mind carrying a band box as far as the gray stone house on the corner?' she asked. 'It is right on your way back, and I'm in a dreadful rush. One of my carriers has been taken sick.'

'Oh, no'm, not at all,' answered Bennie, even before Miss Wilmerding dropped a nickle into his hand.

Really, it seemed as if the town could not have gotten along at all that morning without Bennie McKinnon. And he reached the school yard a little out of breath, but in time to take his place in the line of boys and girls that were filling the steps.

The Pebble's Lesson.

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
But do you know,
The ocean worked a thousand years
To make them so?

And once I saw a little girl
Sit down and cry
Because she couldn't cure a fault
With one small try.
—Selected.

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made in one size only, to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit, with cape and bonnet.
SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.
SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

DOLL'S PARTY COSTUME.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Any two sets of these patterns will be sent free to one old subscriber sending in one NEW subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents. If a set chosen is out of stock at the time, we will send the one most like it.

Correspondence

G. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. My father keeps a store. G. B., is a very nice place in the summer time, but in the winter it is very quiet. There is quite a lot of snow lately. The ice is safe, so that boys and girls can skate. I have a pair of skates, but do not put them on very often. My brother can skate pretty well for his size.

MAURINE RAVELL.

G. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every week. I think the stories are fine. I live near the Halifax and South-Western Railway. Sometimes the roads are blocked and the trains cannot get through. Chester, the American summer resort, is opposite my home. They have quite a number of nice homes built there.

MILDRED E. KEDDY.

G., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have five sisters and five brothers. This is a pretty place in summer. In winter I can have a good time sliding. There is a river pretty near to where I live. I am going to tell about a cub bear. A man, about a quarter of a mile from here, caught an old bear in a trap; the young bear was with her, and he caught the young bear and brought it home. It got so tame that they could let it loose, and it would not run away. It will drink molasses out of a bottle, or run in the house and jump upon the table. He would take a cup off the table without breaking it. I am sending some riddles: 1. What is it that has a thousand teeth and no mouth? 2. What is in mill and in mountain, and not in the world.

ERNEST C. HAMBROOK.

P. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I will be 13 years old in May. I was born on Cape Negro Island, a small seaboard place where we can watch large vessels and steamers pass by. There is nearby a cluster of rocks called the Half Moons, on which many vessels are wrecked.

P. S. is a small place. It was formerly called Indian Brook, from a brook which runs through it, by which the Indians used to camp. I am living with my grandparents. Papa is living in New Glasgow; he is a farmer.

I will close with some riddles:—

1. Why is the letter P like uncle's fat wife going up hill?

2. Why are tallest people the laziest?

3. What is enough for one; too much for two, and nothing at all for three?

4. Why do we look over a stone wall?

MARY E. KING.

K. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of about two hundred acres. I have nine sisters and three brothers. I stayed for two years with my sister at Kenora, and liked it very much. We had a very nice concert in the schoolhouse at Christmas. I go to school nearly every day, and am in the fourth book. I have only about a half mile to go to school. K. is not a very pretty place. We have a little skating rink, six stores, one tailor shop, and two blacksmith's shops. We are going to get a new school.

MARTHA LISK.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small village, not far from Lake Ontario. One day last week we had a holiday at school, and my brother and I skated down a creek and across West Lake to Lake Ontario, which would be four or five miles. There were large icebergs collected at the shore, and some had holes in them, so that when a large wave came in the water will shoot out at the top, bringing with it large bits of ice. I have two sisters and two brothers older than myself. My sisters are both teaching school not far from here, so they come home every Friday night.

CHARLIE SUTTON (aged 11).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My sister got it for a Christmas box. We all think it is a very nice paper. My sister and I stayed with grandpa and grandma, and went to school. We had more than half a mile to go. It was all right in stormy weather. But now we go to school in C. this winter, and it is about two miles from home. I am in the third grade at school, and will be twelve in March. We live on a large farm of a hundred acres, and keep horses, cattle, hens, and geese.

ORMA STEISS.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I am just learning to skate; I got a new pair of skates this fall. My brother can skate well. I have four brothers, and a little baby sister.

JESSIE B. INGLIS.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Santa Claus.' Frank Parker (aged 13), N. G., N.S.
2. 'A House.' Alex. M. Fraser (aged 9), M. T., N.S.
3. 'Some Dishes.' H. F. A., A., Ont.
4. 'Our Farm House.' Delton Stuart (aged 10), M., P.Q.
5. 'Jack Knife.' R. Robinson, M., Ont.
6. 'The Flamingo.' Velia J. Sipe (aged 12), C., Alta.
7. 'A Country Chapel.' Geo. Michael. M., P.Q.
8. 'Taking a Sail.' Ernest C. Hambrook (aged 12), G., N.B.
9. 'My Grandfather's Clock.' Bryson Wilson (aged 9), A., Ont.
10. 'A House.' Vera May Lawson (aged 7), T. B., Ont.
11. 'House in Winter.' Laurell McD. S. (aged 11), C., Ont.
12. 'A Scene.' Edith Finley, R., Alta.
13. 'A Baseball.' Jean McEwen, F., Ont.
14. 'At the Sea-shore.' Maude Barclay (aged 11), B., Ont.
15. 'A Ship.' Alexander S. Harris (aged 14), T. B., N.S.
16. 'A Tree.' Jessie B. Inglis (aged 10), A., Ont.
17. 'Scotch Collie, "Camp."' G. Raymond Farley (aged 14), B., N.S.
18. 'Swans: Young and Old.' William G. Mathewson (aged 9), G. Sask.
19. 'The Letter S.' Lyla McD. S. (aged 12), C., Ont.
20. 'A Lady of Olden Times.' Florence Snell, N., N.B.
21. 'A Flower.' Kate Rutherford (aged 9), L., Ont.
22. 'Candle.' Wallace McBain (aged 8), A., Ont.
23. 'Little Dollie.' Ethel Taylor, H., N.S.
24. 'A Table.' Willis H. Tough, O., Ont.
25. 'Our School House.' Ida A. Ferguson (aged 14), N. I., N.S.

OTHER LETTERS.

'A Constant Reader' writes from Woodbridge, Ont., suggesting that the answers be published with the riddles. Why, that would leave no chance to guess them, as to reprinting the question with the answer—that would mean so much repetition. Perhaps it would be a good idea to print the date when the riddle was given with every answer; that might help to connect the two.

Howard May, C., Ont., answers Queenie Potter's riddle (Feb. 22), 'He beat by one.' Howard also sends some riddles that have been asked before.

Jas. Smith, S.R., Man., answers the riddle given by Ray Potts (Feb. 15), 'Because it lays the longest.' Two miles is a long way for a boy of ten to go to school, but its good for the muscles, James.

M. C. R. R., W. F., Ont., has 'a couple of turkeys,' among other pets. There was no answer given to the riddle in this letter.

The stock of riddles must be running low, because all those given in the following letters have been asked before.

Alethea, and Hazel Murrell, C. H., Ont., are two little sisters (10 and 8), who can write very well for their ages, if they wrote the neat two letters that came. Hazel answers several riddles, but the answers have been printed by now.

Edna Steer, V., Ont., says that her father is a blacksmith, and that she loves to watch horses being shod. Yes, there's nothing much more interesting to watch than the work in a blacksmith's shop.

Mae Jenkin, S., Que., says her father works in a mine. Mae ought to have a good story to tell us about what she sees, but she only writes a very short letter.

F. E. McEachern, C., P. E. I., is the baby in her family, but a pretty big baby, because she is twelve years old.

Maude Barclay, B., Ont., wants to compliment M. S. F. on the picture she drew for the 'Messenger' of Feb. 8.

Clara Wheat, M. E., Ill., did not enclose any answers to her riddles.

H. Victoria Evans, C., N.B., says there has been no teacher at their school since Christmas. That's hard lines, isn't it?

We also received little letters from Lucy A. Hill, N.B.; Maggie Wilson, A., Ont.; Alex. M. Fraser, M.T., N.S.; Mildred B. Smith, M., Man.; Jessie Bell Rutherford, L., Ont.; Mabel Colley, C., Ont.; Aggie Bailey, C., Ont.; Minnie Newcomb, M., N.B.; and Bessie Templeton, T., Ont.

'MESSENGER' COMBINATIONS

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With the Daily Witness	$3.40	$3.10
With the Weekly Witness	1.40	1.20
With World Wide, alone	1.90	1.75
With both the Daily Witness and World Wide	4.90	3.30
With both the Weekly Witness and World Wide	2.90	2.20

The Canadian Pictorial (regular price, $1.00) may be added to any of the above clubs at 50c.

Or with the Messenger alone, both papers one year each, for $1.00

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUBS.

Daily Witness, World Wide, Canadian Pictorial, Northern Messenger,	$5.90	$3.70
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These combination rates hold good (Montreal and suburbs excepted) nearly all over the English-speaking world; also to many foreign countries where extra newspaper postage is usually charged.

A Murder.

When John B. Gough was speaking in Norwich, Connecticut, once, he referred to a local incident. Mrs. Falkner had told him some facts concerning her son. The young man, it seems, had been a drunkard, but signed the pledge. To get away from the influence and power of his old drinking companions, he left home and went to a distant city. After he had been away two years his mother received a letter which contained the glad news that he was coming home to spend Thanksgiving with her. How the joy welled up in her fond mother's heart! 'My boy is coming home! My boy is coming home for Thanksgiving!'

The young man came into the town by the stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons's tavern. He got out. It was after dusk. Some young men were standing by.

'Hello, Fred. How are you, old boy! What will you take to drink?'

'Nothing, thank you.'

'Not on Thanksgiving! Come, take a glass.'

'No, I'd rather not. I've come to see mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and then go in and surprise the old lady.

Solomon Parsons spoke up and said: 'Fred Falkner, if I were six feet tall, and broad in proportion as you are, and yet was afraid of ale, I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'

'But I am not afraid.'

'Oh, yes, you are —ha! ha! ha! I say, boys, here's a big fellow afraid of a glass of ale. I suppose he's afraid of his mother—ha! ha! ha!'

Though possessing the strength of mind to keep his pledge when let alone, he could not stand ridicule. They handed him a glass of liquor and dared him to drink it.

'Well,' he said, 'I'm going to mother now, but I'll show you I am not afraid to drink the stuff.'

He drank it, and then came another, and still they plied him with it. Twelve o'clock that night he staggered into a barn, and was found there in the morning—dead! 'My boy is coming home for Thanksgiving!'

Having stated the facts, Gough continued: 'Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkner to his ruin—Solomon Parsons, who staggers through life under the weight of that poor mother's curse—is in this hall to-night, and he sits right there! This same Solomon Parsons still keeps a grogshop on the bridge of your town, licensed by the State. Men of Connecticut, rout him out!' Parsons slunk from the hall and hurried home. In less than twenty-four hours he and his bag and baggage, license and all, were carted out of the town escorted by an indignant throng.—'Forward.'

A Heart-rending Scene.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one morning when I was called to the door by the ring of the door-bell. There stood a boy thirteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches, one leg off at the knee. In a voice that trembled with emotion, tears coursing down his cheeks, he said. 'Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddie Brown. I have come to see if you will go to the jail to talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung to-morrow. My father was a good man, but whiskey did it. I have three sisters younger than myself. We are very poor, and have no friends. We live in a dark, dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers, blacking boots and doing odd jobs, but Mr. Hoagland, we are awful poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The Governor says we may have his body after he is hung.' I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail where I found the father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink or he would never have committed the crime. He said:

'My wife was a good woman and a faithful mother to my children. Never did I dream that my hands should be guilty of such a crime.'

The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would break when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition, I read and prayed with him and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the poor children. I found three little girls on a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls, had they proper care.

They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs would say, 'Papa was good, but whiskey did it.'

In a little while two young officers came bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They set it down on two rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with the terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself, and said, 'Come, sisters, kiss papa.' They gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out, 'Papa was good, but whiskey did it.'

I raised my heart to God and said, 'O God, did I fight to save a country that would make a scene like this impossible?' In my heart I said, 'In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hung, the children outraged, the home destroyed.' I there promised my God I would vote to save my country from the ruin of the oligarchy.—'Evangelical Friend.'

To Our Subscribers.—Send for our premium sheet and order blank, and earn easily a nice gift for yourself by a little pleasant canvassing among your friends. They will be pleased, you will be pleased, and we will be pleased.—The Publishers.

True Temperance Would Help Greatly to Establish the Kingdom of God.

Not only does temperance give self-mastery, prevent waste, and promote peace, all of which help mightily the cause of righteousness, but it is itself an agency to lead men into the kingdom of God. The temperate man, not the victim of intemperance, is the one most likely to understand and to accept the principles of the Gospel of Christ. St. Paul said that the law had been to him a schoolmaster to lead him to Christ. True temperance is such a schoolmaster. He who has learned to control his body—his appetites, passions, etc.,—is pretty sure to be moved by the call of Christ.

It needs to be seen that temperance is an economic problem as much as it is a moral or political problem.

It is still certain that the new birth is more effective in curing the intemperate than the Keeley or any other cure, though these should not be despised.

The true temperance man is temperate in all things—even in his advocacy of temperance.

A glutton can hardly flatter himself that he is temperate because he does not get drunk.

Drunkenness and poverty are twin evils which mightily aid one another.

The greatest temperance society that could be organized would comprise the mothers of the land, pledged to teach and practice temperance in their families.—'Epworth League Bible Studies.'

Tit-Bits from the Temperance Essays.

Total abstinence is of great benefit to those who practice for football and any other kind of athletics, and also to those who have much thinking to do.

Strong drink makes people do things they never would have done had they been sober. This is the cause of many dark crimes.

Slums would decrease in number if drinking habits were stopped, and there would be less work for the policemen.

The man who drinks regularly is taken up to jail some time in his life, and therefore is disgraced.

An employer will always prefer the boy who is an abstainer.

Boys and girls whose parents take strong drink are far oftener absent from the school than those whose parents are abstainers.

Though a drunkard may have a good education, he loses all his wisdom, intelligence, and knowledge; and through time he does not even know the difference between good and evil.

An abstainer will have a more comfortable home than a drinker, and it will likely be larger, because he will be able to afford a bigger rent.

People who are abstainers generally live longer than those who indulge. They are seldom seen in the poorhouse.— 'Temperance League.'

The Right and the Wrong Sort of Local Option.

'Local option, in so far as it may mean prohibition breaking out in spots, the spontaneous righteousness of groups of people is certainly not to be decried. But local option that means a tarrying in the tents of wickedness, for the convenience of the wicked, is all wrong. Indeed, the latter variety of local option means local lawlessness; and the whiskey element heartily believes in it. It makes all the difference in the world which of the contesting armies uses this term. In the speech of the temperance people, local option means prohibition operative there—here—anywhere they can get it—ultimately everywhere; it means no option for the saloon. Named by the enemy, local option means located saloons there—here—anywhere they can push in—ultimately everywhere; it means all option all the time.'—Ada Melville Shaw, in the 'Union Signal.'

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LESSON.—MARCH 17, 1907.

Jacob and Esau.

Gen. xxvii., 15-23; 41-45. Memory verses 21-23. Read up the whole story of Jacob and Esau.

Golden Text.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight. Prov. xii., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 11.—Gen. xxv., 29-34; xxvii., 1-14.
Tuesday, March 12.—Gen. xxvii., 15-29.
Wednesday, March 13.—Gen. xxvii., 30-45.
Thursday, March. 14.—Gen. xxxii., 1-21.
Friday, March 15.—Gen. xxxiii., 1-20,
Saturday, March 16.—Heb. xii., 5-17.
Sunday, March 17.—I. John ii., 7-17.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

There is a very ugly plant called a cactus. (A picture, or the plant itself might be used to assist in the explanation). Its leaves are thick and ugly, covered with disagreeable thorns. To look at it you would never think that a very beautiful flower could grow on this plant; yet it is so. And not only from an ugly plant can God make a beautiful flower grow, for often he has been able to make a very beautiful character grow up in some heart where the world would think it impossible. Does any one remember about whom we were studying last Sunday? Yes, it was about Isaac, and how he tried to avoid quarrelling. To-day we are to study about Isaac's two sons, Jacob and Esau. The younger son, Jacob, seems to have been a good deal like his father, a quiet man who liked to live at home and look after the sheep and cattle, but Esau, ever since he was a boy, liked to be out hunting and having what he called a good time. God was watching the two boys, and saw which cared most for the highest and best things in life; and just as He can make a beautiful flower grow out of the ugly cactus, He saw that from Jacob's character there would be a chance to train up a true servant of God, while Esau would never care for anything more than himself and his own pleasure. You remember why it was that God led Abraham into Canaan; because He wanted to train up a nation that would serve God only, and not join with the heathen in their sinful worship of idols. But here was Esau making friends of the heathen there were around him, going into all their ways, and even marrying among them. This was a great sorrow to his father and mother, who knew what God had chosen them for.

Explain the customs of the time which made the eldest son the household priest, Esau's indifference to this privilege and Jacob's wish that he might have this, together with the inheritance of the promised blessing of God. Do not fail to emphasize what is, after all, the central point of the lesson,—God's hatred of lying and the punishment Jacob suffered for his deceit even though his desire to possess the blessing was right.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This is one of the most unpleasing of all the lessons so far. The favoritism of both mother and father, the rivalry of the brothers, the trickery and greed on all sides, make it disagreeable. Esau had no right to the blessing; he had forfeited that with the birthright so lightly bartered, over twenty years before for an appetising meal; what he feared to lose now that his father was getting old, was the material wealth which would pass to Jacob should he now be declared heir. For Jacob's action there is no excuse. God had promised him the blessings, and his mean deception of his blind old father in order to get it showed a great lack of faith. It is likely that Isaac and Rebecca were largely to blame for the widening of the breach between the two brothers, by nature far enough apart, through their show of partiality. It seems impossible, too, that Isaac did not know of God's intention with regard to the boys definitely expressed at their birth, nor that he should have been ignorant of the bargain between the brothers; and had not felt in some way that the character of his son was utterly unsuited to the inheritance of the spiritual promise. Rebecca's part is as blameworthy as the rest. She, however, lost her son, and apparently saw him no more. Jacob served a long and hard exile in a strange land, where he was tricked and cheated by Laban in turn. Isaac apparently yielded to what he considered God's will, for he did not seek to reverse the blessing once given. Esau was only saved from murder by his mother's prompt action. It will be enough to pass in review the dark points of this story and spend the rest of the lesson in getting at the light, of which there is quite sufficient when properly studied to banish the first impression, not in the actual verses selected for the lesson story, but in the study of God's dealing with these two men which forms the real lesson. A sermon lately given in Montreal on Psa. lxxviii., 5., emphasized the wonderful grace of God which could 'establish a testimony in Jacob,' could raise up out of such seemingly unpromising material a witness to God's power and goodness.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

Life and character tend either upward or downward, but a single act or characteristic may not indicate the tendency of a life as a whole. You can make a saint out of the good qualities of bad men; you can make a devil out of the bad qualities of good men. Esau eclipsed Jacob at first, but his virtues were accidents, incidents, without roots, and they withered before the hot tests of life. Jacob outshone Esau at last. Day by day he fought his natural badness, and won in the hard struggle with self. The mean supplanter Jacob became the hero Israel, a prince with God.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

It is not to be held that a wrong thing is approved because it is not in words disapproved. It is simply to be held that the authors of the Scripture stated things as they were,—good, bad, and indifferent.—Henry Ward Beecher, in 'Bible Studies.'

Because a lie is always wrong, one who lies even with good intentions is always injured by lying. Many a man who has deceived himself into believing that there is such a thing as the 'lie of necessity,' and that good can come from a lie that is meant to accomplish good, has found the apparent 'necessity' for such lying increasingly evident. He will now daily tell untruths, or make statements which he justifies as 'constructively true,' when ten years ago he would have deemed it 'necessary' to do so only on rare occasions. Therein is the lie's greatest deceitfulness; it deceives its maker more than any one else. The lie is the surest boomerang of all the weapons that the Devil places in men's hands. To tell one lie with the best of intentions, in order to save another's property, or another's life, or another's soul, is to commence on a course of moral suicide. What God cannot do man had better not attempt.—'Sunday School Times.'

While the truth is always to be spoken, if anything is said, it is not always necessary to say anything. We may feel very keenly about certain matters, and be thoroughly convinced that our view is the right one, and yet have regard to timeliness and the feelings of others in the expression of our opinions. It may not be cowardice at all, but simply the self-restraint which comes from a wise judgment of opportunities and conditions, or a regard for others, that seals our lips. In household life one has frequent occasion to act on this principle. The inopportune declaration of what you think or know, may alienate the closest friends and sow discords never to be uprooted. It is no defense whatever to say that you spoke what you thought, or that what you said was true. Neither the law of frankness or veracity puts you under any obligation to hurt others' feelings. Paul declares that we are to 'speak the truth in love.' By heeding the qualification, 'in love,' we shall be saved from a multitude of errors. Speaking the truth to put others in the wrong and exult over them, to magnify ourselves, to make others despicable or ridiculous, what a chasm there is between those things and 'speaking the truth in love'!—'The Watchman.'

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.')

In Jacob and Esau the good and evil are so mingled that at first we might be at a loss which to follow, which to condemn. But yet, taking the two from first to last, how entirely is the judgment of Scripture and of posterity confirmed by the result of the whole! The mere impulsive hunter vanishes away light as air. The substance, the strength of the chosen family, the true inheritance of the promise of Abraham, was interwoven with the very essence of the character of the 'plain man, dwelling in tents,' steady, persevering, moving onward with deliberate, settled purpose, through years of suffering and of prosperity, of exile and return, of bereavement and recovery. On the one hand, fickleness, unsteadiness, weakness, want of faith, and want of principle ruin and render useless the noble qualities of the first; and, on the other hand, steadfast purpose, resolute sacrifice of present to future, fixed principle purify, elevate, turn to lasting good even the baser qualities of the second.—Stanley, in 'The Jewish Church.'

God in no sense approved of the way in which Jacob obtained the birthright. It seemed to Rebekah and Jacob as if God's promise were about to fail, and they must do something to bring the right thing to pass, even if they did a wrong thing in accomplishing it. But did God need Jacob's sin in order to carry out his plans? God forbid! The work would have been done infinitely better if Jacob had gained his birthright in God's way and God's time. His sin arose not from faith, but from the imperfection of his faith. 'It was virtually the sin of blaming God for forgetting his promise, or of accusing him of being unable to perform it; so that they, Rebeckah and Jacob, had, forsooth, to take God's work out of his hands, and show him how it ought to be done.'—Marcus Dods.

As children of God we all have a birthright far more valuable than Jacob or Esau could dream of. We have promises beyond the range of their highest imaginations. 'The child in a Christian home has for his birthright the Sabbath day, and the Lord's table, and the society of the best people in the city, and first a youthhood, and then a manhood, of purity, and piety, and the service of Christ in His church: "A birthright of truth and honor and honor and chastity."'—Alexander Whyte.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Heb. xii., 16, 17; Rom. viii., 14-17; John viii., 32, Hosea xii., 2; Prov. xii., 19; xxiii., 23; Eph. iv., 25; Psa. cxix., 29, 30.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 17.—Topic—What is success? Prov. iii., 1-18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THOUGHTS ABOUT GOD'S LAW.

Monday, March 11.—God's law our rule. Ps. cxix., 1-8.
Tuesday, March 12.—God's law our strength. Ps. cxix., 25-28.
Wednesday, March 13.—God's law our delight. Ps. cxix., 33-35.
Thursday, March 14.—God's law our comfort. Ps. cxix., 49-56.
Friday, March 15.—God's law our wisdom. Ps. cxix., 97-104.
Saturday, March 16.—God's law our light. Ps. cxix., 105-112.
Sunday, March 17.—The longest Psalm and its lessons. Ps. cxix., 9-16.

HOUSEHOLD.

Duties of a Maid.

One of the first things to be impressed on a servant is the necessity for absolute tidiness when answering the door, says a writer in a London paper, whether in the morning or the afternoon, as nothing is more typical of the condition of a household than this. Another thing that a servant should fully realize is the unpardonableness of keeping a visitor waiting on the doorstep. Naturally, in the morning, where there is a small staff, delay is sometimes unavoidable; but never should it be allowed in the afternoon, by which time the servant is supposed to be fully dressed and ready to carry out her duties punctually. The door should be opened wide, and if the mistress is at home the servant must stand on one side to let the visitor in, shut the door, and then precede the visitor to the drawing room without any hurry, stopping at the door to ask, 'What name, madam?' opening the door, and announcing the name quite clearly; after this shutting the door and retiring. If no one is in the room, the maid must intimate this, and at once go and tell her mistress. If the mistress is not in, the servant says, 'Not at home,' takes the cards in her hand, and, after shutting the door or seeing the visitor into her carriage or cab, places the cards in some recognized place in the hall, where the mistress may see them on her return.

The parlor maid should be trained to remember whether the visitor merely leaves cards or asks for admission, as this is of great importance on occasions. Unless very intimate, no visitor should be shown into anything but the drawing room. A servant must also learn to discriminate as to who is to be shown at once into the drawing room, and who is to be asked to take a chair in the hall. Again, too, when people say they wish to write a note, discrimination must be used, especially in cities, where an unknown person may not have the most honest ideas in the world. If in doubt, the maid may show the person into a convenient room and wait for the note to be written.

If visitors come at or about tea time, the servant should at once prepare this, and bring it in as soon as possible, and if more people come, as a matter of course, bring in more cups, and see that there are plenty of cakes and bread and butter. As the visitor says good-bye, the mistress should ring the bell for the servant to be in readiness to open the front door. All letters, notes, etc., should be handed on a salver of some kind. A maid never knocks at any doors but the bed rooms. This all sounds very simple, and so it is to the well-trained servant, but the system must be carefully explained to the young or ill-trained maid.

Next comes the laying and waiting at table, and with this, although not quite so elaborate, the same care should be taken when the family is by themselves as when there are guests, or the servant will never realize what is expected of her on these latter occasions. At breakfast the tea and coffee should be placed in front of the mistress, with the cups, etc., racks of toast, butter, marmalade, jam, sardines, etc., being put on the table, and the hot dishes in front of the master. Any cold dishes and the bread are put on the sideboard. A plate is laid for each person, a napkin, and a cold plate on the left-hand side. A table centre is never used at this meal, nor are there usually any flowers.

Luncheon is a meal on which the opinion of people vary greatly, some preferring to have everything placed on the table except the cold meat, which is placed on the sideboard, and wait on themselves, whilst others prefer the servants to be in the room all the time. This is naturally simply a matter of taste, and a compromise is often effected by the maid being in the room to hand around the hot dishes, and then, after changing the plates, only coming back to bring the coffee when rung for. In any case, though, the luncheon table should be dainty and light. A tumbler and two wine-glasses should be placed for everyone, and the knives and forks arranged very much as for dinner. As a rule, if dessert is given, the table is not cleared for this; the dessert plates, with fruit knives and forks (but no finger glasses), are laid out on the sideboard in readiness.

The 20th Century Baby.

Many simple ailments of children may be safely treated and many emergencies met by a clear-headed mother when the doctor is not at hand, writes Marianna Wheeler, the Superintendent of the Babies Hospital, New York, in 'Harper's Bazar.' The 'little knowledge' which is proverbially 'a dangerous thing' is quite the reverse if wisely used in such cases.

Burns.

Simple burns where the flesh is merely scorched or only the outer skin broken may be made comfortable and effectually treated by laying on a little bicarbonate of soda (common baking soda.) If that is not at hand, a soft linen or cotton cloth spread with oil, sweet or olive, linseed oil and lime-water equal parts, vaseline, or sweet clean lard, these cloths to be spread over the parts burned, then covered with cotton or numerous soft cloths to exclude the air. If the burns are more serious a doctor's care is needed. If the accident happens at a time or in a place where it may be several hours before the physican can reach the child, much may be done in the meantime to relieve its sufferings. Where burns are extensive there is always more or less danger of blood-poisoning; this danger may be averted and great relief afforded to the patient if the wounds are treated in the following manner. Tear into strips, about four inches wide, clean pieces of old linen or cotton cloth; fold or roll these into small packages, and boil for fifteen or twenty minutes in a solution of salt and water—two teaspoonfuls of salt to a quart of water; cool the water by placing the pail or other vessel in which the cloths have been boiled in a pan of cold or iced water; when lukewarm wring out the cloths and with them cover the entire surface which is burned; if the hands and feet are involved, care should be taken to place bits of linen between the toes, and wrap up each finger separately; over these wet compresses bind on thick layers of cotton, and over this oiled silk or even paper, as it is very essential to exclude all the air possible.

Splinters.

A splinter is a very little thing, but capable of creating a great deal of mischief, discomfort, and pain. Every mother of small children should provide herself with a pair of sharp-pointed forceps for this emergency. When the splinter is imbedded in the flesh of hand or foot, the point of a small pair of scissors—a manicure pair will very well answer—should be inserted directly over and following the path of the splinter, and a small incision made. If there be any bleeding staunch it by a little pressure, then open the wound by stretching it a little, and with your forceps pick out the offending object. When the splinter is under the nail, cut a little V-shaped piece out of the nail and with the forceps the splinter is easily removed. Protect the cut made with a little collodion or a finger-cot.

Pattern Catalogue.

For the convenience of the busy mothers into whose homes the 'Messenger' goes, we have arranged to supply a catalogue containing from 400 to 500 new designs for ladies', misses' and children's clothes, for spring and summer of 1907, all of which may be ordered through the 'Messenger' Pattern Department. The catalogue also contains practical illustrated hints on the making of fine lingerie and baby clothes. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps, writing name and address in full, that no mistake may occur. Be sure to mention the 'Northern Messenger,' or, if desired, the pattern coupons on this page may be used in ordering the catalogue.

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Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

For the Busy Mother.

Owing to a fire in the New York factory, we are unable to supply any pattern under No. 2000. Subscribers will please take note of this.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

NO. 5624.—GIRLS' BLOUSE.

This smart little blouse dress was made of blue linen, a vest of white pique and white pearl buttons affording pretty contrast. Box-pleats in the upper part of the blouse give a becoming fulness that is controlled at the lower edge by a tape or elastic. The full skirt is gathered and attached to the body lining. For winter, flannel and light-weight woollen goods will make up effectively. For a girl 9 years of age, 3¼ yards of 36-inch material will be required.

Girls' Blouse Dress, No. 5624: Sizes for 8, 9, 10 and 12 years.

The pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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Madeline's Message.

It would not have seemed so terrible, Madeline's friends told each other, if only Madeline had not from a child so exulted in the mere joy of motion. But to think of Madeline—Madeline—robbed in one cruel moment of all that eager, abounding life, and condemned for whatever years were left to her to an invalid's couch and constant suffering!

If, they said to each other, with choking voices, if only she had died and never known! But she had to know, and very soon. When, broken-hearted, her mother answered her questions, the girl asked to be left alone a while 'to think it out.' And the mother, knowing that it must be, closed the door and left her alone—in her wilderness.

The struggle lasted for days, while the mother waited and suffered with her. In those days Madeline went over and over it all—her happy past, the merry walk from school that windy afternoon, the sudden blow from a falling branch—and then the strange, dark world of imprisonment and pain. She would see no one those days, not even the old minister, who had loved her all her life.

'Tell him I've got to fight it out alone,' she said. 'He'll understand.'

He did understand—they all did. And at last one morning Madeline drew her mother's face down to hers.

'It's all right, dear,' she said. 'Tell the girls I want them to come—everybody. Tell them they needn't think they can leave me out—I won't be left.'

Everybody came eagerly, for Madeline's sake first; and very soon they were coming for their own. Madeline's room to all the 'old crowd,' and to others, who one by one found their way in, became the place where everyone turned instinctively with joy or hope or sorrow. And true to her word, Madeline did not let herself be 'left out.' She learned every kind of light and pretty work that weak hands could do; she kept up with all the new books, the latest interests, even the fashions. More than one pretty gown was planned in Madeline's room.

'You may go to parties,' she would laugh, 'but parties come to me all the time.'

In those twelve years that Madeline waited in her prison, she seldom, as the girls said, 'talked religion,' but soon after she knew what life was to be to her she had had a motto illuminated and hung at the foot of her bed. It was the old command to a people entering a strange land—'Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee.'

Madeline's eyes so often rested upon this as she talked that her friends began to notice it. And then they remembered that from the day Madeline's doors had opened to them no one had ever heard her complain.

But it was not until Madeline had gone that they understood what she had done for them. Rose Kenton began it by telling of the time when she was discouraged over her failure as a nurse.

'Madeline didn't pity me,' she said. 'She only said, "Dear, there's always something left. One can always be brave, and—one doesn't have to be brave alone." And when I thought of her and of her motto, I tell you, girls, I had to brace up. I'd have been ashamed to speak to her again if I hadn't.'

Other experiences followed. One knew how George Alvord had gone to Madeline when Edith Marlow broke her engagement with him; another knew of one who had gone in the deep failure of sin, and many there were who had sought her in the loneliness death had made. To all her message had been the same—One can always be brave—and one doesn't have to be brave alone.

So, having fought her fight and strengthened uncounted hearts, Madeline had passed into the light.—'Christian Age.'

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Selected Recipes.

HOT GINGERBREAD.—Stir about a cupful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar together, rub it into two cupsful of flour, and a cupful of molasses and the yolk of one egg; beat well and add a cupful of boiling water, a teaspoonful of ginger and one of soda dissolved in a few drops of boiling water. Bake in a biscuit pan in a thick sheet.

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Soak one cup of tapioca in three cups of warm water for hours. Pare and remove cores from six or eight apples that will cook easily. Place in pudding dish that has been well buttered, and put sugar and a sprinkling of cinnamon in each apple. Mix the tapioca and pour over apples. Bake slowly until apples are soft. Eat with sweetened cream.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Shell the almonds, put them in a bowl and pour boiling water over them. Let stand for ten minutes, then try one or two and if the skins slip off easily drain off the hot water and cover with cold. Pressure on the nuts, or pulling at one end of the skin, will make the latter slip off like a glove. Spread out on a dish and stand in a warm place until dry. If not thoroughly dry they will not be crisp when salted. To one-half pint of the nuts allow one teaspoonful of olive oil or melted butter. Pour this over them, turning them well through with a spoon that each nut may receive its share of the oil. Then spread in a single layer on a shallow pan and place in a moderate oven until they are very faintly colored. Take out at once, dust thickly with fine salt, and when cold shake lightly to remove any extra quality.—'Table Talk.'

Religious Notes.

A spirit worthy of emulation is manifested in Tshing Tan, China, where it is reported that the people have been contributing their poor little bits of jewellery to the native pastors, praying them to open schools where the older women and girls who have not learned to read may go and learn, and then go home and help those in their homes who also do not know how to read. One native pastor received thirty-nine ear-rings, fourteen finger rings, three silver hair pins and two pipes. There was almost a peck collected. It is all the poor women have, and they gave it for a purpose.—The 'American Messenger.'

The tree in Africa under which David Livingston's heart was buried recently showed signs of decay, and was cut down and replaced by a monument in honor of the heroic missionary. The wood of the old tree was cut up into blocks, and at great trouble and expense shipped to Scotland, where it will be disposed of, the amount derived from it to be devoted to mission extension in Africa. Thus Livingstone, though dead these many years, is still working for the Africa he loved so dearly.

The Madras, India, Y. M. C. A. has thirty-nine Bible classes with over 300 men enrolled. These are Mohammedans, Hindoos, Indians, Europeans, and Eurasians, and from boyhood to middle-aged men. Only twelve of these meetings are held in the Association building; the rest are in boarding houses and schools.

What is said to be the largest Sunday school in the world is at Stockport, England. It has recently celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary upon its present site. In 1812 a peculiar institution known as 'Walking Day' was organized, which is something in the nature of a Sunday-school parade, held every year on the anniversary. One teacher was present who had not missed a 'Walking Day' in fifty years. The oldest scholar in the line was eighty-six years of age, and the youngest was a babe in arms. They have raised $25,000 which is to be used toward a new building. There are five hundred teachers in the school.— Sel.

The 'Missionary Review' tells of a new form of collection adopted by Korean Christians. The offering is the pledge of a certain number of days to be devoted to evangelization. Both men and women contribute. In one Christian congregation of a few hundred attendants over thirteen days were offered for such work. One man gave thirty days and others gave a week's or two or three days' time, as they could spare. By the terms each one who contributes is to go a distance from home, to some wholly heathen locality, and to spend the full period of the designated time in preaching the gospel to those who have never heard it. Without any other aid than that of passive encouragement from the missionary force, this movement has come to be one of mighty power among the churches, and already eight or ten thousand days have been pledged and most of them worked out faithfully. Aren't there many Christians in the home churches who might make like offerings, redeeming their pledges by work in needy countries not very far from their own homes?

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